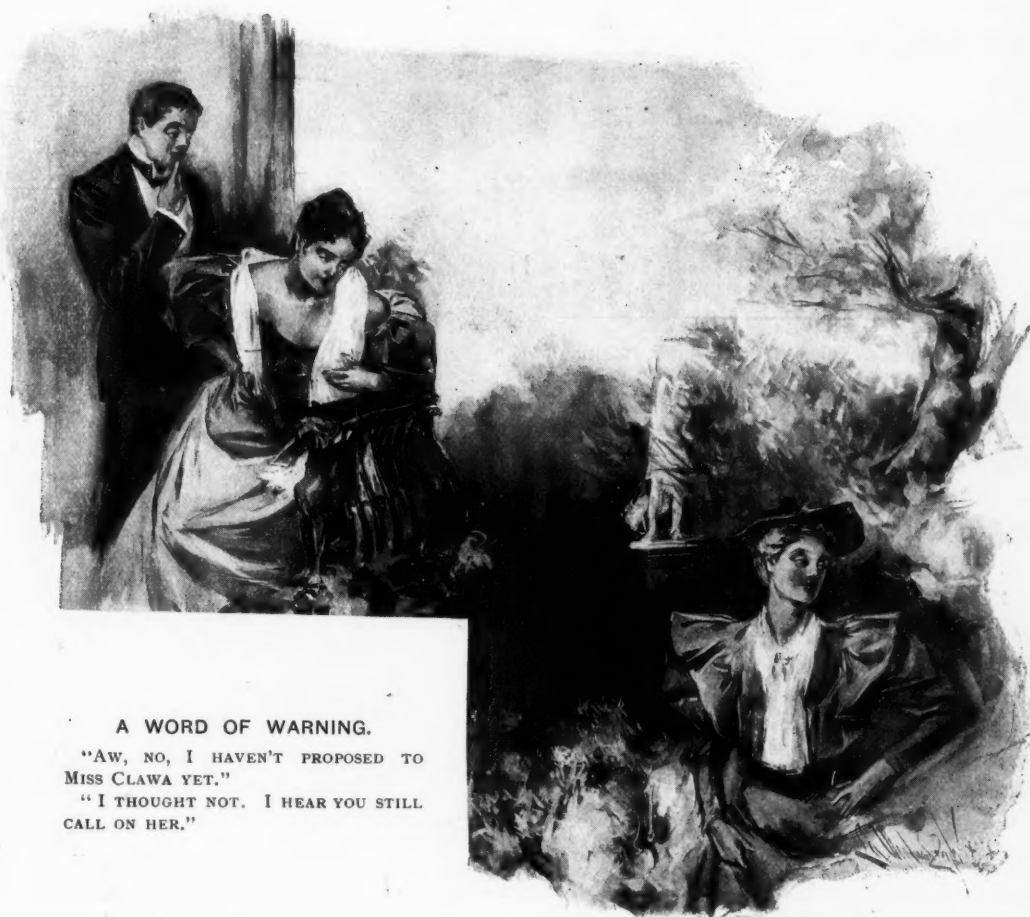
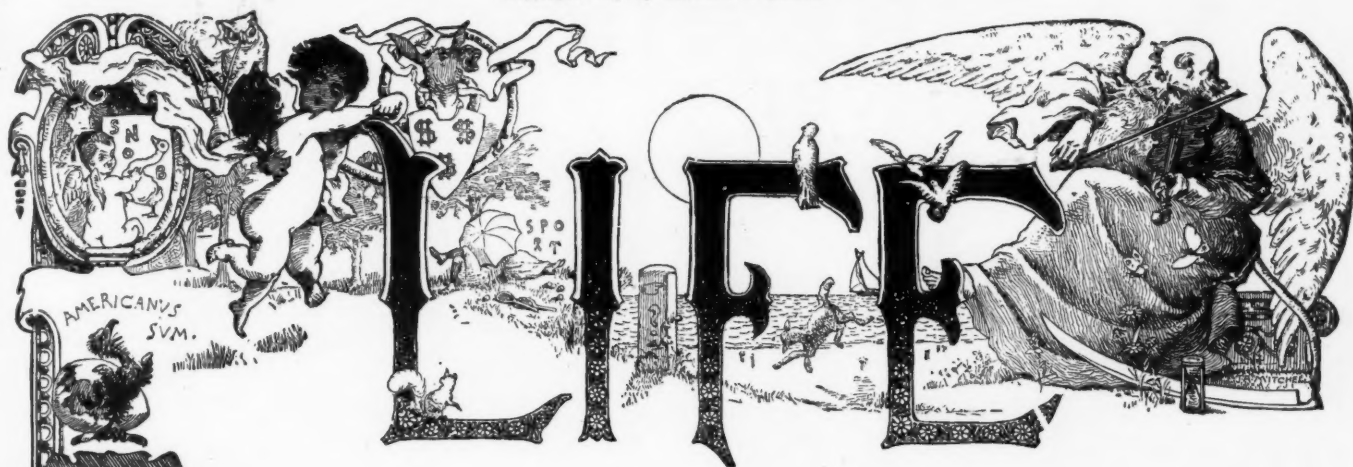


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
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A WORD OF WARNING.

"AW, NO, I HAVEN'T PROPOSED TO MISS CLAWA YET."

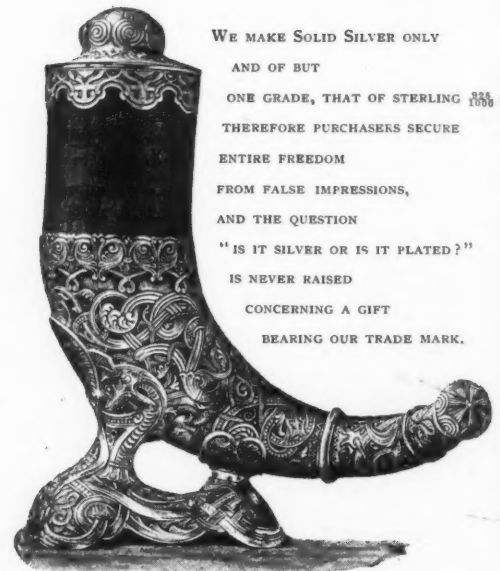
"I THOUGHT NOT. I HEAR YOU STILL CALL ON HER."

• LIFE •

# Solid Silver Exclusively.



**WHITING M'F'G CO**  
Silversmiths,  
Broadway & 18th Street,  
NEW YORK.



WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY  
AND OF BUT  
ONE GRADE, THAT OF STERLING <sup>925</sup>/<sub>1000</sub> FINE;  
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE  
ENTIRE FREEDOM  
FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS,  
AND THE QUESTION  
"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"  
IS NEVER RAISED  
CONCERNING A GIFT  
BEARING OUR TRADE MARK.

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB OF NEW YORK,  
4TH ANNUAL SWEEPSTAKES,  
WON BY "WASP."

## "EXPOSITION FLYER"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

### NEW YORK CENTRAL

between New York and Chicago,—every day in the year.

This is the fastest thousand mile train on the globe, and is second  
only in speed to the famous

### EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of  
the world of travel.

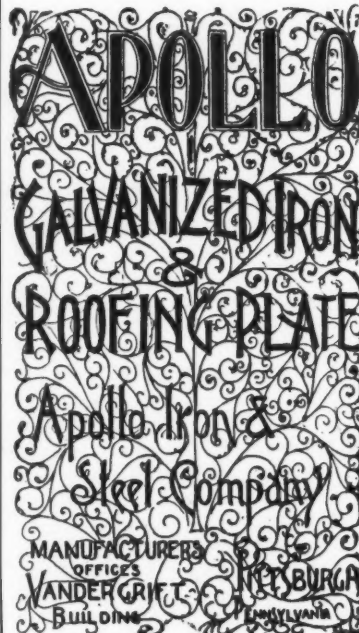
The New York Central stands at the head for the speed and  
comfort of its trains. A ride over its line is the finest one day  
railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to  
GEORGE H. DANIELS,  
General Passenger Agent,  
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

### NOW READY.

Volume XXI. of LIFE, Bound (January to June, 1893), in Maroon and Gold,  
Green and Gold, and *Full* Black. Prepaid to any address in U. S. or Canada.  
Price, \$5.00 per Volume.

Office of "LIFE," 28 West Twenty-Third St.,  
NEW YORK CITY.



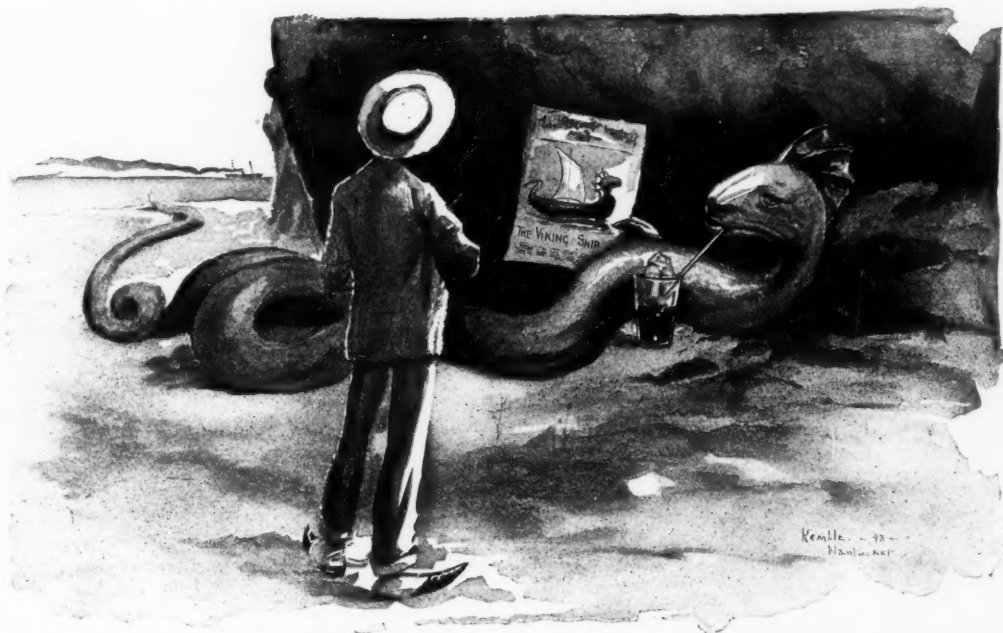
WHY ON ONE AND NOT THE OTHER?



An ingenious device invented by a  
for adding to the comfort and beauty of  
while exercising.

A PREACHER at Lafayette, Ind., is  
ported to have about broken up his church  
the other day by saying in a sermon  
"God made the earth in six days and  
He rested; then He made man and  
again; then He made woman, and  
that time neither God nor man has had  
rest."—*Courier Journal*.

FIRST ATTENDANT: Why is the fellow  
hanging around the Venus of Milo?  
SECOND ATTENDANT: Pension agent's  
guess. I overheard him telling her that  
ought to be good for twenty-five a month.  
*New York Times*.



*Life's Representative:* WELL, HOW IS THIS, OLD MAN; NOT A SIGHT OF YOU THIS SUMMER, AND SUCH AN IMPORTANT YEAR, TOO.

*The Sea Serpent:* THAT'S JUST IT. I HAD MYSELF DOWN FOR AT LEAST NINE GRAND APPEARANCES, AND EVEN INTENDED DOING THE FAIR, BUT WHEN THEY GO TO WORK AND RING IN A FAKE LIKE THIS—A DEAD STEAL FROM ME—IT'S TIME PAPA STAYED AT HOME. NO, NO, I NEVER PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO ANYONE.

#### PROFIT AND LOSS.

"I REALLY grow very brilliant after a certain amount of wine," said Bagley. "The other night, while with a good congenial crowd, I made a joke that was accepted by LIFE."

"Good enough, my boy," replied Topley; "you ought to go into the business."

"Well, no, I don't think I could afford it. You see, it took fifteen dollars worth of wine to evolve that two-dollar and a half joke, to say nothing of the copies of that issue I had to buy."



"I THOUGHT YOU WUZ SUCH GOOD FRIENDS WITH HIM."

"THERE WUZ A TIME WHEN I FAIRLY IDERLIZED THE GROUND HE WALKED ON, BUT WHEN HE KICKED MY DOG, THAT ENDED IT. WE AIN'T SPOKE SINCE!"

#### ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

MR. CLINTON NOTMAN: Calling cards are frightfully expensive! I had fifty printed two years ago and I haven't a single one left now.

MR. FULTON TROLLEY: My dear boy! you must have simply *thrown* them away!

CLARA: I fell off my bicycle yesterday in front of a club window.

MAUDE: Was anything broke?

CLARA: The window was.

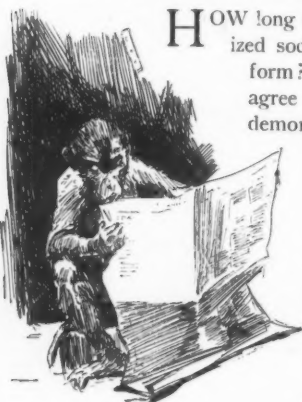


"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXII. AUGUST 24, 1893. No. 556.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



HOW long will it be before we have organized societies devoted to newspaper reform? Almost everyone seems to agree that newspapers are dreadfully demoralizing and objectionable. People have thought in time past that there would be no difficulty in making the world's affairs go right if there were no women in it. Other persons have been satisfied that sin would be easily manageable except for its alliance with rum. No one in our day would think of indicting any form of vice as the chief obstacle to human im-

provement without naming the press as an accomplice.

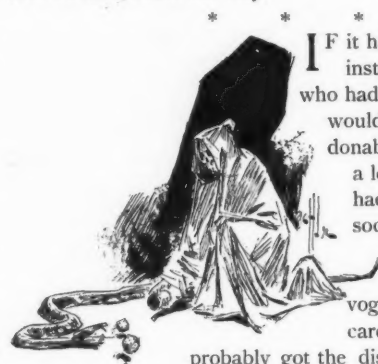
So far as appears there is at present no organized movement for the extirpation of the newspaper habit, unless, indeed, the valued New York *Evening Post* might be said to constitute such a movement in itself. But the direful effects of the habitual use of daily journals are very generally recognized.



THE newspapers print too much gossip; they invade privacy; they get up panics by croaking and circulating bad news; their pictures are bad as art and worthless as illustrations; they are so big that it takes all day to read them; they are small enough to print the meanest items, they don't tell the truth, and again, they do tell the truth, but tell it with too little discrimination. They are so devoid of principle that it is hopeless to expect to convince them of their own unfitness for publication, but possibly some people might be persuaded not to read them. It is reasonable to expect that a Father Matthew, on a new plan, will come along presently who will meet a felt want of the times by preaching a new gospel of reform and pledging people by the

hundred thousand not to read the wicked newspapers at all, and to turn their faces the other way when they pass the bulletin boards.

BUT meanwhile, how lamentably attractive the devilish things are! What labors of personal investigation they save us, by looking in at everybody's window and telling what is going on inside. A man can live in a coal-hole in these days and yet miss nothing of importance if only the boy who leaves the morning paper is a person of regular habits. But it is not necessary either to read everything they tell, or to believe everything they say. Besides that the choice is left to the citizen as to what journal he shall buy. He has a further option as to what he shall use out of the mass that is offered him. While the prospect of the wholesale alleviation of the alleged plague continues to be faint, it would really be worth while for the reformers to lay more stress upon the cultivation of an intelligent ability to skip. Of course it would be better not to have daily journals at all, but not to read them would help the case, and the next best thing to that would be to read only so much of them as one really wants. Even if we are bound to be led into temptation, that is no reason why we should gulp open-mouthed at all the evil that comes our way.



IF it had been Mrs. Mackay instead of her husband who had had appendicitis, it would have been a pardonable inference that, as a leader of fashion, she had regarded it as a social duty to incur an experience of a malady so much in vogue. But Mr. Mackay cares little for style, and probably got the disease in spite of his preferences and better judgment. Is it not a fact that, since the surgeons have become so expert at evisceration, the vermiform appendix makes far more trouble than it used to? Appearances at least favor that supposition. In these days when so much is said about the cure of disease by suggestion, it is a fit matter for speculation whether disease may not be induced by the same means, and whether the acquirement by the faculty of profound skill in dealing with certain maladies is not naturally and reasonably followed by a gratifying increase of opportunities for skilled surgical labor to get in its work. One would like to know, if the statistics were obtainable, whether the triumph of the doctors over the vermiform appendix has shortened or prolonged the average duration of human life. It looks, to the superficial observer, as if there were an increased demand among our surgical brethren for diseased appendixes, and as though humanity was doing its best, at a considerable sacrifice, to afford an adequate supply.





"A MOVING TALE."

A CORDIAL GRIP.

STOKES: The president of your company seems to take quite an interest in you now.

CLARKLY: What makes you think so?

STOKES: I notice he has fallen into the habit of shaking hands with you when he comes into the office in the morning.

CLARKLY: Yes; he thinks it's cheaper than raising my salary.

A TRAP.

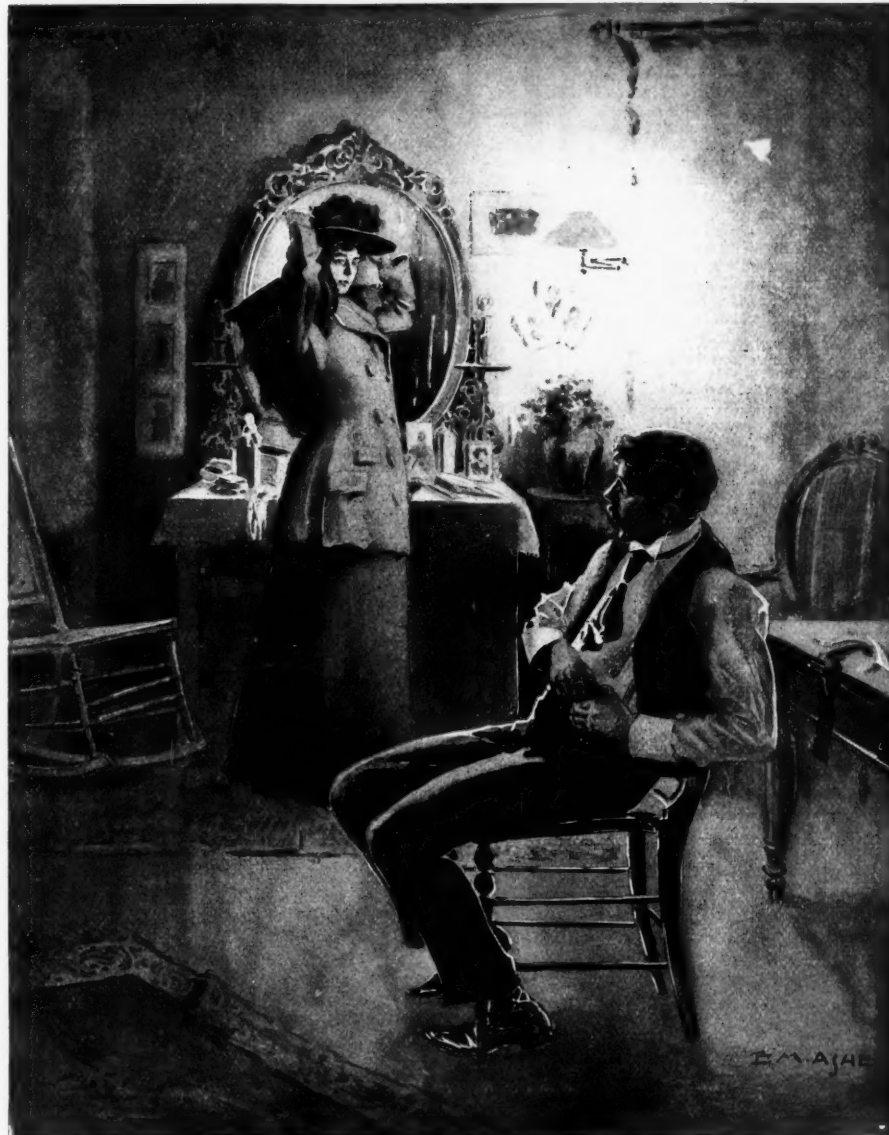
DASHAWAY: I just got a notice from my bank that I can't draw out any money for sixty days.

CLEVERTON: What are you going to do?

DASHAWAY: Well, old man, that's what I wanted to see you about.



"MAN OVERBORED!"



Harry St. Ledger: MY DEAR, WON'T YOU SEW ON THIS BUTTON BEFORE YOU GO OUT?

His New Wife: THE COOK MAY POSSIBLY DO IT FOR YOU, BUT PLEASE BEAR IN MIND YOU MARRIED A TYPE WRITER, NOT A SEWING MACHINE.

R. S. V. P.

THERE is one thing that seems to hold  
My steps from happy marriage;  
It is not scarcity of gold  
Wherewith to keep a carriage;  
Nor that I have not long since done  
With cutting boyish capers,  
But one misgiving—only one!  
"Do 'nice girls' use curl papers?"

If I should see her queenly head  
Done up in Sunday's journal,  
I know I'd think her "better dead,"  
Or moved to realms infernal!  
Oh, pretty maidens, east and west,  
By secret mid-night tapers,  
Say do you—set my mind at rest:—  
"Do 'nice girls' use curl papers?"

## OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

LIFE'S ideas of courtesy are distinct and he dislikes to comment on the appetites of his guests, but he feels there is no harm in congratulating himself on the incredible disappearance of food among his summer visitors. Mr. Parsons, the superintendent, tells them to sit up straight at table, as they can hold more. This seems to act as a stimulus to appetites already larger than the proprietors themselves. Now there is an unbroken rule at LIFE'S Farm that every child shall have all he wants of any dish that is served. The result is that individual children have eaten eight plates of pea soup, which, by the way, is a favorite article. And the disappearance of six plates of pork and beans into one small interior creates no surprise. And they are good big helpings, too. These achievements are exclusive of the regular supply of bread and butter, milk and whatever else is served at the same meal. One hundred quarts of milk are served at every breakfast and at every supper to the two hundred children. It is hard to tell what they like best as "everything goes"—and it goes with a celerity that is terrifying to the looker on.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,950.96	C. V.....	\$25.00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by Master Henry B. Weiss and Master Stephen P. Nash, Jr.....	2.80	Proceeds of a Lemonade and Cake sale by Nellie Nellis and May Weed of East Orange.....	1.75
W. S. M., Chicago, Ill.....	9.35	Eleanor Le Roy.....	10.00
Eleanor Keyes.....	12.50	From two Constances.....	15.00
Agnes Keyes.....	12.50	Edith Washburn Greene.....	3.00
Three little girls, Helen, Margaret and Carol.....	3.00	A Friend, Burlington, Vt.....	15.00
Marjorie and little sister.....	2.00	In the name of a little child.....	3.00
B., Baltimore, Md.....	3.00	G. N. D.....	50.00
Flora S. Gifford.....	3.00	Trot.....	10.00
Proceeds of an entertainment at the Farragut House, Rye Beach, N. H., under the auspices of Mrs. Ben. T. Cable.....	50.00	L. E. A.....	3.00
Through Larchmont Circulating Library.....	12.00	M. C. N., Boston, Mass.....	10.00
A Friend.....	3.00	The Offertory at camp service, Sunday, Aug. 6th, Camp Sunapee, N. H.....	6.75
W. B. D., Providence, R. I.....	10.00	E. R. C.....	3.00
Sister Mary.....	20.00	Proceeds of Charades gotten up by the following children at San Rafael, Cal.: Pepi, Carrie, Max, Sam, Sadie, Arthur, May and Jack Lilenthal, Edith, Harry and Adele Mack and Lovisa Sloss.....	16.75
Contributed by Baby Helene Ziegfeld and 48 guests at the Peninsula and Octagon Hotels, Seabright, N. J.....	50.00	For Fresh Air Fund, N. J. L.....	25.00
In memory of J. W. R. and H. W. R.....	25.00	Kodak.....	4.00
For Colinette's Sake.....	52.00	A. H. E.....	3.00
Marjory Yoxall.....	9.00	S. A. of Dayton.....	3.00
George H. Gifford, New Bedford Mass.....	3.00	Heliotrope.....	15.00
		E. W.....	10.00
			\$4,555.36



AT LIFE'S FARM.

THE BOYS WASHING BEFORE DINNER.

approve. We are the meekest sheep in the world. We scorn your independent, outspoken American women; we think them bold and unwomanly, and do all we can to be as unlike them as possible. And what happens? Do our men adore us? Well, they continue to say so. But it is the Americans they marry."

If you will pardon a blunt statement of it, I think you will find that it is this very "difference" which will incline the American girl to be amused at your warmth about certain rights for women, rather than be stirred up to join you in a crusade for them. She will toss her pretty head and say with accustomed frankness:

"Bless you, dear Madam, why should we organize to make a fight for these rights, when we have them already without the asking? Of course American girls do marry the kind of wicked men whom you preach against—and very often they are Englishmen. But then, you know, we don't do it from ignorance or because we have been educated in a corral. Dear no! We either find the men interesting, or they have a title or some position that we want to share with them. Our eyes are open, and we know what we want, and generally get it. Sometimes we find that we have made a bad bargain. Of course, that is a part of the risk of the game. But if we do, we follow the example of our American fathers when they have been caught by a bad bargain—we speculate in futures in the hope of making things come out even. Few American girls stake all their life on love and marriage; we



## AN OPEN LETTER TO EVADNE GALBRAITH.

(Apropos of "The Heavenly Twins," by Madam Sarah Grand.)

DEAR MADAM: As the heroine of a book about which England has been talking for several months, you have, no doubt, by this time gauged English opinion in regard to your advanced views about the rights of women. But the American view must be rather vague to you, because of the few weeks during which the book has been accessible here, and more by reason of your aloofness from our sympathies in such questions. I know that, with your strong wish to look on Truth squarely, you will pardon a very explicit statement of the causes which will operate to keep American women out of accord with your views as interpreted by Madam Grand in "The Heavenly Twins." I think that your friend Mrs. Malcomson expressed very tersely this feeling of "difference" when she said with some indignation: "Oh, yes, we have our reward, we Englishwomen. We religiously obey our men. We do nothing of which they dis-

can play the game for so many other stakes. There is social position for one; reputation as an intellectual woman for another, (dear me, how easily we can make the men believe that we are learned); then there are the Church and organized charity which give us abundant outlets for our executive energies. For you must realize that we *are* executive above all things. That is why we are ceasing to be morbid. And, my dear lady, I fear you are very morbid. You yourself have said that thought which does not lead to action makes one morbid, and that has been your trouble. If you had simply spent two or three months *organizing* your crusade, you would have forgotten all your trouble. It would not matter whether you accomplished anything or not; the cure is in the very act of organization. Why, we have doctors who will tell you on the sly, that they have encouraged the organizing mania among women as a cure for nervous prostration. I know of one particularly bad case where the physician hinted to the patient that there was a crying need for a society to provide East Side waifs with tops in season. It was harmless, and it cured her. (That is the beauty of our men by the way, they let us do as we please, and yet manage us.)

THE American girl, with her usual audacity, has filled most of my letter. But I want to say a word for the American man in contrast to the men in your story. Your men don't seem to have enough to do—that is why, perhaps, they spend so much time deceiving women. (I am referring to your men as *you* see them, and not as I believe they are.) Now the American man is a busy creature. If he does not have to work for a living, he is apt to create some engrossing work for his mere good pleasure. After all that has been said about it, we really have very few idle rich men here; there are a great many more idle "little brothers of the rich"—a class of parasites who would be idle in any condition of life. When our men *are* busy, they are in it heart and soul for success, and that leaves little time for what is vicious. The spare time the American man has is occupied by some bright girl, who probably "knows the world" as well as he does and often "gives him points." You must not think them "bold and unwomanly," as your friend says. They simply look at things with clear eyes, and with a heart filled with that good-will for men and women that "thinketh no evil"—but, nevertheless, *sees* it if it exists.

That, I take it, is all that you would ask, or seek by your crusade. Just cross the ocean and find it!

Kindly express my thanks to *Diavolo* and *Angelica*, the heavenly twins, for the rich amusement their amazing personal cleverness has afforded us.

Yours faithfully,  
Droch.

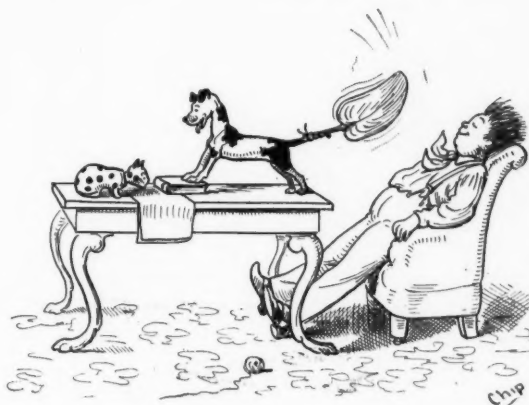
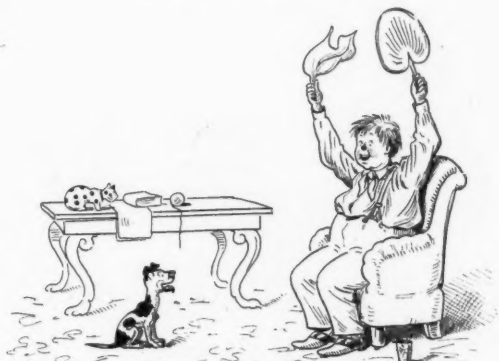
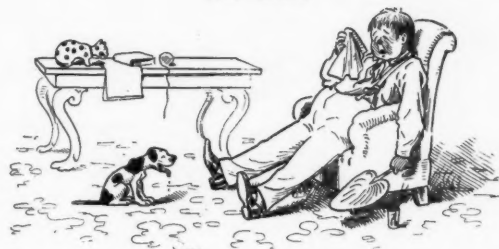
#### NEW BOOKS.

FROM THE FIVE RIVERS. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A Truthful Woman in Southern California. By Kate Sanborn. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Tutor's Secret. By Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

HIS IDEA.





HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE  
SHE THINKS, ON THE WHOLE, SHE WAS MORE A





PEARCE IN THIS COSTUME.  
E, SHE MORE AT HOME IN A BALL DRESS.



THE EFFECT OF CULTURE.

*First Girl on Left: Who is she?*

*Second Girl: SHE'S SALLY WATERS, BUT SHE AIN'T NO BETTER NOR NONE OF US; SHE'S A PUTTIN' ON AIRS 'CAUSE SHE'S TOOKIN' DANCIN' LESSONS!*

## A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

HE (*taking her hand*): That stone, you know, is not the thing To wear in an engagement ring.

SHE: The opal?

HE: Yes, ill-luck they claim Is centered in its baleful flame.

SHE: Mere superstition! In these days—

HE: We quite forget the ancient ways.

SHE: And rightly too. We're wiser now.

HE: Perhaps!

SHE: Oh, surely!

HE: You'll allow That Science limits her domain To study of the human brain, And cannot hope to reach the heart. That ring has brought you from the start Bad luck—

SHE: But how? I'm happy still!

HE: And yet—you are engaged to Will! And but for that same ring, you see, You might have been—engaged to me! *Harry Romaine.*



"WAIST NOT, WANT NOT."

## HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT.

CLEVERTON: I had a great piece of luck last night.

DASHAWAY: Did you? What was it?

CLEVERTON: Well, I'll tell you, but, old man, I wouldn't tell it to everyone. You know Miss Penstock?

DASHAWAY: Of course.

CLEVERTON: Well, I dropped in there last evening and was lucky enough to find her alone. I don't know, I guess perhaps I would better not tell you.

DASHAWAY: Oh, go on. I won't give it away.

CLEVERTON: I wouldn't give her away to everyone, but you are my most intimate friend. The fact is, old chap, I kissed her.

DASHAWAY: Did, eh? More than once?

CLEVERTON: Well, of course, old fellow I—

DASHAWAY: Oh, of course. I see. Now, I am not saying anything against

REMEMBERED—A man with a cork leg.

you, old man, but I tell you that sort of thing is all wrong. No, sir, I don't believe in it at all.

CLEVERTON: Do you mean to say you wouldn't kiss a pretty girl if you had the chance.

DASHAWAY: That's just what I mean. No, sir, I repeat it. You are a gentleman. You meet an unsophisticated, delightful and charming girl. You are invited to her house. Her mother receives you. I say, sir, her mother receives you. She trusts you within those sacred precincts. And then, sir, you deliberately transgress the law of hospitality, you impose upon trusting innocence, you betray the hallowed trust that has been placed in you. It is idle to tell me that the girl is willing to be kissed. She does not know. You should not yield. No, a thousand times no. Parents are too trustful of their children. It is we young men who should stand together. Character, sir, character is what we want. My dear fellow, pardon me if I have been led away by the excess of emotion, but I feel so strongly on this point.

CLEVERTON: Oh, that's all right. You call on Miss Penstock yourself occasionally, don't you?

DASHAWAY (*stiffly*): Yes; I have been there at stated intervals.

CLEVERTON (*musily*): Um, yes. She said you were around there the other night. I don't suppose, old man, that you kissed her, did you?

DASHAWAY (*indignantly*): I, sir? No, sir! What made you entertain such an idea?

CLEVERTON: Why, Miss Penstock, of course.

DASHAWAY: Great Gotham, old fellow, she didn't tell you anything, did she?

CLEVERTON: She said you tried hard enough to.

Tom Masson.



#### FEMININE TRIALS.

RECEIVING FROM HER RIVAL THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE LATTER'S ENGAGEMENT TO THE MAN WHOM SHE HERSELF EXPECTED TO MARRY.

#### WHAT THEY WERE.

VON BLUMER (*bumping up against Twickenham*): Hello, old man. Congratulations. I hear there is a new arrival at your house.

TWICKENHAM: Yes.

VON BLUMER: Then I suppose I'll have to take a drink with you?

TWICKENHAM (*sadly*): Take two drinks.

#### OVERHEARD AT THE ART BUILDING.

(*Elderly, plain woman with young daughter before nude picture.*)

"Gracious, Jenny! What does it say her name is?"

"342-342." (*Looking in the catalogue*) "Cir-ce, mamma."

"Sir-see, Sir-see; is it indeed? The huzzy! If I had the naming of her, it would be Sir-don't-look!"



"BOUND TO KEEP THE PIECE."



"OFF HIS BASE."

#### WIND.

THE following Resolutions were adopted by the National Wind League in convention assembled:

*Whereas*, Wind is as ancient as human history; and

*Whereas*, Grover Cleveland has formed a gigantic conspiracy with the corrupt Money Power of the East to destroy the Parity between Wind and Cash; and

*Whereas*, the Shylocks of the East by the most gigantic crime of the ages have demediumized Wind; and

*Whereas*, the paying of our debts in cash would constitute a "betrayal of Wind"; and

*Whereas*, Wind is the cheapest medium for developing a new country; and

*Whereas*, there is not enough Cash to do the business of the world; and

*Whereas*, it is one of the Natural Rights of Men to borrow Cash and pay back in Wind; and

*Whereas*, the Cash Bugs of the East wish to diminish the circulating power of Wind and to sanction spoliation; and

*Whereas*, Don Quixote, the great ex-pounder of Wind Mills, said:

"Without Wind there would be no use for Wind Mills."

*Whereas*, to be without Cash is a far more distressing operation than the Money Vampires of the East suppose; and

*Whereas*, American Wind should not be made dependant upon the policies of the frost-bitten and microbe-ridden countries of Europe; and

*Whereas*, our absolute independence of Europe (except for the purpose of selling our products) should be proclaimed; and

*Whereas*, the only remedy for our present troubles is the circulation of Wind at a free and unlimited ratio to Cash; and

*Whereas*, only a shallow and selfish class would deny to



"SO THAT IS ONE OF THOSE JAYS OF LONG AGO, IS IT? IMAGINE HIM SUBDUING A NATION! AND WHAT SORT OF AN ASS IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO BOW THE KNEE TO A GUY LIKE THAT. WELL, HE JUST OUGHT TO BE BURIED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS OR—"



"WHAT—ER—YOU GIVING US—YOUNG MAN?"



WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT SUBDUING A NATION, HEY?





AND BENDING THE KNEE?



OUGHT TO BE BURIED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.



THE NEXT TIME BIRDIE WILL KNOW BETTER THAN TO INSULT ONE OF THE RAMESES FAMILY."

the wild and windy Freemen of the West the right of Wading—Yea—Wading in Blood, if they can not Swim; and

*Whereas*, the Hat is a useful instrument for helping the organs of speech; and

*Whereas*, We can make More Noise than any other combination on earth,

*Therefore*, in view of all these facts, we declare—

*First*.—National Depositories for the free and unlimited Storage of Wind shall be everywhere established.

*Second*.—Against such deposits free and unlimited Wind Certificates shall be issued at par and delivered to the people on demand.

*Third*.—Such certificates shall be legal tender all over the World, except for debts due TO members of the American Wind League.

*Fourth*.—We denounce the Cash Bugs of the East and the ever fattening Money Microbes of the Old World.

*Fifth*.—We demand a cheap and speedy transportation to Hades of all our adversaries.

C. W. Lucas.



"HE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH HIS WIFE'S MOTHER."

"WHY? I HEARD HER BOAST OF HAVING MADE UP THE MATCH."

"WELL, THAT'S IT, YOU SEE."



AN eminent philosopher (Mr. Herbert Spencer) recently put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game of billiards. The philosopher broke the balls and left them in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot.

Then the young expert naturally looked at the philosopher for the customary compliments, but the loser of the game said very seriously, after depositing his cue in the rack: "Sir, moderate proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand; but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."—*Exchange*.

At a recent barbecue in south-west Georgia seven strange and hungry-looking men were seen huddled together in a corner of the woods remote from the big crowd.

But now and then, while the "carcasses" were roasting in the pits, one of the men would come forward, get a whiff of the savory meats and return to his disconsolate companions.

No one seemed to know the men—they were strangers to all, and yet they had the appearance of farmers who had raised a big crop of cotton at six cents.

But everybody knew them after the horn blew for dinner.

With a mad rush those hungry-looking men made for the table, and with wild eyes and open mouths they went to work.

Shoulder after shoulder of beef disappeared, the men devouring everything in sight. The crowd stood amazed and forgot that it was hungry, too. Those seven lank men were the attraction, and it was not until they could eat no more, and had crawled off to rest—or to die—that the people remembered where they were, and that they had appetites.

The chief of the barbecue approached the men, and in a faint voice asked: "Where did you fellers come from, and when did you eat before you struck this neighborhood?"

One of the men answered: "We come from this county, but we've been a-hidin' an' hungry. We jes' heard that the war was over, and that Sherman was a-givin' out rations, an' so we thought we'd git some!"

The chief of the barbecue fainted, and they carried him away more dead than alive.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

He had been worshipping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late, very late, and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on his summer vacation, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11.30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Mollie," he said, tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood, as she gazed wistfully at the clock.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening." Then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and he told her good night.—*Detroit Tribune*.

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